

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND

LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

[PUBLISHED BY TURNER & FISHER.

VOLUME I.]

PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28th, 1841.

[NUMBER III.]

For the Dramatic Mirror.
THE
DRAMATIC AUTHORS
OF
AMERICA.

B
DR. ROBERT M. BIRD.—This gentleman has rapidly acquired an enviable distinction among American writers, both as a dramatist and novelist. His first appearance as an author was in 1828, when he published in the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, three spirited tales, entitled "The Ice Island," "The Spirit of the Reeds," and the "Phantom Players," besides several short pieces of poetry, the best of which was "Saul's Last Day."—At this time, Dr. Bird had already written several tragedies, in imitation of the old English drama, but none of his labors of that period have yet been submitted to the public. We recollect perusing the manuscript of two, which gave promise of the distinction that awaited him as a dramatist. They were entitled "The Cowled Lover," and "Caridorf." If these productions were now to be revised by his mature judgment and powers, we have no doubt they would advance his reputation as a poet. At this period he had also written two or three regular comedies, but it struck us that his comic powers did not bear him through as triumphantly as his talents for delineating the terrible and sublime had done. Edwin Forrest, who has done more, individually, than all the theatres in the country combined, to draw forth and reward the talents of native dramatists, was the means of introducing Dr. Bird at his very onset as a writer, triumphantly to the whole American people. This was on the first production of the tragedy of the Gladiator, written with a view to the powers and talents of Mr. Forrest; and it has seldom occurred that author and actor were so much indebted to each other as on this occasion. The piece was eminently successful throughout the Union, and though written exclusively with a view to the stage, it abounds with poetic passages, and possesses no ordinary share of literary merit. The scene in the arena, at the close of the second act, when the gladiators break loose from their tyrants, and raise the standard of freedom, is not surpassed on the score of originality and effect, by any scene in any modern drama. This tragedy was speedily followed by another, entitled "Oralloosa," founded on the cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, but it never acquired the popularity of its predecessor, though received upon the stage with every mark of public favor. Oralloosa was succeeded by "The Broker of Bogota,"

which we consider the most finished of Dr. Bird's drama's. It did not create the decided impression that was produced by the Gladiator, for there was nothing of the drums and trumpets, and battling for freedom, which this play affords, to put the spirit in motion; but the Broker of Bogota, viewed as a specimen of dramatic art, surpasses either of the other pieces. All these tragedies were written expressly for Mr. Forrest, and were performed by him with eminent success. Prior to the production of either, Dr. Bird had written a tragedy entitled Pelopidas, fitted to the powers of our tragedian, and every way calculated to enhance the author's reputation. This play has not yet appeared upon the stage, though we consider it superior to Oralloosa, and so far as variety of design is concerned, but little inferior to the Broker of Bogota. We trust ere long to see it acted.—*Sat. News and Lit. Gaz.*

The first representation of the Gladiator, was witnessed at the Arch street theatre, on the evening of the 24th of October, 1831, by the largest audience that ever assembled within the walls of that establishment. Oralloosa was played in 1832.

Mr. E. Forrest, who represented the hero of the piece, excelled his wonted excellence in his masterly delineation of this original character. The other characters were well supported. In short, not the slightest incident occurred, to mar for a moment the enthusiastic raptures which the tragedy inspired. All was faultless. The scenery, painted by Messrs. Coyle and Leslie, was of the most splendid description, and reflects the highest credit on these talented artists. The dresses, banners, etc., were entirely new, and made a brilliant display. The Managers, Messrs. Jones, Duffy & Forrest, deserve the thanks of their fellow-citizens for their exertions and assiduous attention in producing this magnificent American production. The following prologue, written by Richard Penn Smith, Esq., was spoken by Mr. Duffy:—

PROLOGUE TO ORALLOOSA.

To wake the mould'ring ashes of the dead,
And o'er forgotten ages light to shed,
Until the picture in such color glows,
That Place approaches,—Time his power fore-
goes:

T' anatomise the pulses of the soul.
From gentlest throb to throes beyond control;
The varied passion from their germ to trace,
Till reason totters from her judgment place;
To call the latent seeds of virtue forth,
And urge the mind to deeds of lasting worth.
For this the Stage in ancient days arose;
In teaching this she triumphed o'er her foes,
And soon became, in spite of bigot rule,
A nation's glory, and a nation's school.

Too long we've been accustomed to regard
Alone the dogmas of some foreign bard;

Too long imagined, 'neath our shifting skies,
"That Fancy sickens, and that Genius dies."
Dreaming, when Freedom left old Europe's
shore,

Spread the strong wing new regions to explore,
Her altar in the wilderness to raise,
Where all might bend and safely chaunt her
praise,

The gifted nine refused to join her train,
And still amidst their ruined haunts remain.—
Banish the thought; extend the fostering hand,
And wild-eye'd Genius soars at your command,
With "native wood notes wild" our hills shall
swell,

Till all confess the muses with us dwell.

Our bard, to-night, a bold adventurer grown,
A flight has taken to the torrid zone:—
Calls from the grave the ruthless Spaniard's
dust,

To meet the judgment of the free and just,
Shows, in the progress of his mournful song,
The Indian's vengeance and the Indian's wrong:
How bigots, with the cross, and sword in hand,
Unpeopled and laid waste the peaceful land,
Then scourg'd the conquered with an iron rod,
And stabb'd for gold the seeming zeal for God.

Critics! a word!—we pray be not too hard
On native actor or on native bard.

A second time th' offenders stand before you,
Therefore for mercy humbly we implore you.
When last arraigned the cause was ably tried,
For *Gladiators* battled on their side:

Took you by storm:—ere you knew what to
say

The valiant rogues had fairly won the day.
Should *Oralloosa* prove a victor too,
His triumph here repays for lost Peru.

The Epilogue, written by a friend, was delivered by Miss Riddle.

EPILOGUE.

A second judgment! Though the Pagan
doom'd,

And Spaniards false, abandon'd and entomb'd,
Though Incas tyrannized, and conquerors slew,
Yet may we seek another fate from you.

No weak Peruvians ye, to watch and kneel,
And have prescribed what ye shall act or feel;
No men of Spain, (though greater in your
might,)

To rob a foe or suppliant, of a right;

In you we place the last or safest trust,—
The strong are merciful,—the free are just!

Say, shall the Coya leave her funeral den,
To have the death-doom pierce her ear again?
Have ye to save and bless, no "Christian arts?"
Or, what is better yet, no Yankee hearts?
And the wrong'd Inca, shall he live to tell
How the brown children of the sunbeam fell,
Shall Oralloosa 'scape the critic knife?

You have its destiny—speak it—death or life?
[Great applause.]

Ah! that was sweet, now! Now, I see, good
nature

Is, like your nose, become a national feature;
And hence the axiom new may well be started,
A big-nosed people is the biggest hearted.

But thanks—The magic (if 'twas such) is
o'er,

And prattling fiction holds the stage no more;
Author and actor, by poor me, now send
Thanks for the smiles and peals of every friend;

But bid me add, even with their thousand
thank'ees,
They hoped no less with such a house of
Yankees.

PROLOGUE TO THE GLADIATOR.

To the old days of splendor and renown,
When kings were bondmen of Italia's crown,
Back to the ancient volumes, treasure-stored—
Exhaustless mine of lore—the muse hath
soared;

She wakes dead heroes from their sleep of years,
And spreads the page that tells of crimes and
tears.

Upstarting from the long-forgotten past,
Arise the gorgeous halls and temples vast;
The regal city bids her gates unfold,
All beautiful as when the Tiber roll'd
Majestic past the 'pillar'd-hills,' and bore
Earth's gather'd tributes proudly to her shore.

Eternal city! fallen, though deified!
Thy ruins glass them in the yellow tide;
The crumbling monument, the tottering wall,
And shatter'd column, speak thy glory's fall.
Thought-wing'd, the bard may muse beneath
thy domes—

The bandit's lair is in the Caesar's homes.
Image of all the mind conceives of power,
Proud Rome! a stain is on thy brightest hour;
True glory gilds no triumph in the war
That binds the festering limb beneath the con-
queror's car!

A holiday in Rome! the sacrifice
Of blood, a joyous sight to Roman eyes;
The Prætor-sports begin—the red-stream flows,
And death looks ghastly on ignoble foes;
A mightier arm is mingling in the fray,
Dashing with tempest force the glaves away;
He strikes! wreathes for the victor in the game;
A blow achieves a gladiator's fame;
No warrior from the fields where meet the
brave,

The arena trembles at a Thracian slave.
That arm is bared again, unchain'd and free,
Hark to the swelling voice, for liberty!
He strikes for freedom! vengeance-nerved, the
blow

Seathes like the lightning-stroke the shrinking
foe;

Capua's hills send back the battle-call,
To shake the pillars of the capitol.
Sheathless the sword, yet vain the patriot's
might,

For brutal force hath won the final fight;
Thy star hath set, thou of the trampled race—
The Roman's foot is on the neck of Thrace.

A cry for freedom! every heart is stirr'd,
When peals from earth to heaven that glorious
word;

It rises now, from glory's ancient home,
To shame the vassal fears of Christendom;
Chains for the brave? Back to your land of
snows—

Not Rome at Thrace, you strike at Polish foes;
A nation's voice—it rings along the sea—
Death to the tyrant, Poland shall be free!

Yet hold—the poet's herald, I should say
A word to ask your favor for the play;
An id'e task—the theme alone will be
A passport here, amid the favor'd free;
A native bard essays the pen to-night—
A native actor shows how heroes fight;
To you, confiningly, their hopes they trust—
Then smooth the critic brow, be lenient but be
just!

JOSEPH BARTLET.—The history of this man
is fraught with interest. He was born at Ply-
mouth, the landing place of the Pilgrim Fathers,
in the year 1763. He lacked energy for any and
every thing that was truly honorable, but was
always foremost in low, vulgar riots; and yet
Bartlet was a graduate of Harvard College.
After he had studied law a while, in Salem, and
practised with little or no success, he started off
to England, on a voyage of adventure. This
was of course long after the war, for he gradu-
ated in 1783. The following anecdote is related

of him, while in London, which gives to the
origin of an excellent told story we remember
having read somewhere, perhaps in one of the
old fashioned Almanacs, which, in our humble
opinion, are much better than the thousand and
one ridiculous *comic follies* yearly issued and
called Almanacs, of which not a trace remains
of the remembered ones of our early days, over
which we were wont to ponder with a boyish
delight, and wonder as we pondered, at the
mysteries therein contained. But to our subject;
—One night, while Bartlet was at the theatre,
a play was going on, in which his countrymen
were ridiculed! it was one of General Burgoyne's
play; a number of rebels had been taken and
brought into the British camp; on the inquiry
being made of their occupations (I believe the
play says "professions") before they became
soldiers, the answer was, (although many of them
were officers,) that they were of different call-
ings—some were barbers, some tailors, some
tinkers, shoemakers, &c. At this moment Bartlet
rose from his seat in the pit, and cried "Hurrah!
Great Britain beaten by barbers, tailors, tinkers
and shoemakers! Hurrah!" The effect was
wonderful; John Bull took it all in good part,
and may of the bloods of the day introduced
themselves to him, and he made the best of the
occasion. Previous to Bartlet's leaving the
United States, he had written nothing of account,
nor was his name known to fame. In England
he wrote a play, which was successful, and he
claims the honor of being the first American
who had a play represented on the English stage.
It was written while he was in prison for debt,
and by it he realised enough to set himself free.
After his return to the United States, he delivered
his celebrated Poem on Physiognomy, before the
Phi Beta Kappa, at the Harvard University.
It was said to be a satire on particular individuals.

* * * * *

Bartlet, however, was a bad man, and reflected
no credit on the institution of which he was a
member. A writer of repute speaks of his lat-
ter end thus:—

"No mourner followed his hearse—no poet
sang his dirge—and where rest his ashes no one
will inquire;—so pass away the profligate and
the unprincipled!" What an epitaph—what a
eulogy to the genius and talent! The name of
Bartlet is not found in the list of American Poets,
nor are specimens of his writings to be found
among those which the enterprise of Kettell has
so laudably preserved, and whose names have
shed a lustre upon the fair, broad surface of
American literature.

NATHANIEL HARRINGTON BANNISTER.—This
gentleman is a felicitous writer, his imagination
sometimes gets the better of his judgment and
runs wild, but still he is powerful, vigorous, and
original. His poetry lacks that smoothness which
characterises many of our native productions;
but his prose will rank with the best of dramatic
writers of the day, a Southern critic of some
pretensions, Dr. Samuel Harly, speaks of him
thus:—"His compositions are not as well known
as they deserve to be. They all possess decided
merit, whether of thought or incident and usually
display a warm imagination, considerable com-
mand of language, and in genius and progressive
development of story which render them such in
dramatic interest. They are nevertheless by no
means exempt from fault." Mr. Bannister is the
author of the following pieces:—"Rathunemus,"

played on the evening of the 24th of March.
1835, at the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans.
"Adventures of a Sailor;" "Marriage Contract,"
a comedy in 5 acts, produced at the Camp Street
Theatre, New Orleans in 1837. "Old English
Ironsides;" "Murrell the land Pirate, a loca
piece played with much success in various parts
of the country. "The Gentlemen of Lyons,"
this piece is highly spoken of by the New York
critics. "Roman Slave," a tragedy in 5 acts,
written for C. B. Parson. "Gustavan," a melo-
drama. "San Antonio, a Texan piece. "Gua-
lantus," a tragedy in 5 acts, the hero of this piece
saw represented by C. B. Parson. "Surrender
of Lord Cornwallis," a patriotic piece. "Chief
of the McIvor;" "Serpents Glen;" "Infidelity;"
"England's Iron Days," 5 acts (printed in New
Orleans 1837, by William McKean.) "Midnight
Murder!" "Texas and Freedom;" "Life in
New Orleans;" "Two Spaniards;" "The
Wandering Jew." The peculiarity of the pro-
duction is, that it is in 15 acts! good long legiti-
mate acts, and has been in part represented, the
remainder must abide its time. "Caius Silius,"
a Roman piece. There are some striking points
in this tragedy. "Psammelichus" or the Twelve
Tribes of Egypt." This piece was intended for
Mr. Forrest, and upon which Mr. Bannister has
bestowed great pains. He says, "It cost me
days of labor, and nights of thought." If the
plot and incidents are characteristic of his usual
excellence in such matters, and come up to the
spirit of the following extracts, it cannot fail,
particularly in the hands of our esteemed and
popular tragedian, to elicit universal approbation.
Exit CESTUS, and re-enter with PSAMMETICHUS,
disguised as an old man with grey hair
and staff.

Psammelichus. Who calls the hermit from
his rock-bound cell?

[*HIEROPHANTES comes down.*

Hierophantes. Pelusium's king.

Psammelichus. I do not know thy face,
And yet, right well I knew Pelusium's king.
Life's usual limit I have long since pass'd,
And crossed the common barrier of man's days,
Perchance my eyes deceive me, but thy looks,
Unless they play me false, proclaim thee—

Hierophantes. What?

Psammelichus. Villain! But no: thou canst
not be, for these

In royal robes arrayed, were once the friends—
Or seemed so—of Pelusium's king—and they
seem thine.

Years dim the vision, memory becomes
A pathless wilderness in life's gray winter,
When old age rocks the cradle of the soul.

Hierophantes. I would learn of thee—

Psammelichus. Learn from above!

Wisdom the spirit's nectar is the gift
Of the Eternal Gods, and to the good,
Vouchsafed alone. It is the meed of virtue.
Thou art a king, but yet thou art a man;
No more, although thy chariot were
Like great Sesostris' drawn by harnessed kings,
Believe not thou art fair—in the smooth glass
Of self-delusion, fawning flatterers look
Like ministers of truth to the clear eye
Of foolish vanity and upstart pride.
Ere long thou'lt find the pleasing image fade,
When death's approach unlocks the page of
truth,

Start back aghast at thine own hideous heart,
And wonder that it looked not ever thus.
A king it may be, yet thou art a man,
A very insect on the wheel of time
Revolving by a power thou canst not know,
And tending to a fate thou canst not fathom.
Who are these painted puppets of an hour,
With kingly crowns and royal vestments
decked?

Hierophantes. These are my brother kings.
Our yearly feast

Called them tog ther at the shrine of Vulcan.
Psammetichus. Phoenix monarch of the
feathered tribe,

Without a rival or an equal, rules
Sublime in solemn majesty alone.
The world ne'er knew but one. He lives and
dies,

And lives again—regenerate he soars
Up from the ashes of his former self
Regenerate, and with expanded wings
Rides on the blast unmet and unmatched,
His throne the storm-cloud, and his realm the
world.

Has heaven more Joves than one? or earth
more suns?

BERNARD.—"Wilderness,"—of this piece and
its author, we know nothing.

ANDREW BARTON.—"The Disappointment."

L. BEACH.—"Jonathan Postfree."—Printed
by Millin & Parry, Philadelphia, 1827.

BARNABY BIDDLE.—"The Mercury Match."
—a Tragedy, acted at Yale College.

JOHN BRAY.—"The Tooth-ache."—A farce.

CHARLES BRECK.—"The Trust;" "The
Chase."

MRS. BROWN.—"The Pirate."

GENERAL BURGOWNE.—"The Blockade of Bos-
ton."—Acted by British officers during the
blockade of Boston.

JOHN BURK.—"Bunker Hill;" "Joan of
Arc;" "Death of Montgomery;" "Fortunes
of Nigel;" "Innkeeper of Abbeville;" "Beth-
lehem Gabor;" "Female Patriotism;" "Which
do you like best?"

MISS CHARLOTTE BARNES.—"The last days
of Pompeii;" "Lafitte the Pirate of the Gulf."
—Played at Caldwell's new theatre, New Or-
leans, 1838. "Octavia Brigaldi."

BAYLEY.—"The Sultan."

WILLIAM BERGER.—"A Gentleman of New
Orleans, translated Dumas' celebrated play of
"Paul Jones,"—brought out by Caldwell, at
the St. Charles, in 1840.

TENDER COURTSHIP.

The young ladies of New Caledonia, and the
adjacent islands, repair, with patriarchal sim-
plicity, to the wells and fountains of their
neighborhood for water,—when a youth has
seen and conceived a passion for one of them
he repairs to the fountain, and lies in ambush
in the thicket or behind a rock. As the lady
approaches with her pitcher, and stoops to draw
the water, her lover taking advantage of her
when she is in the most defenceless posture,
rushes upon her and strikes her down with a
club. Then seizing her by the hair of the
head, he drags her away, wounded and bleed-
ing, to his hut, and she thus becomes his wife.

THE TWO LAWYERS.

Magnus and Socin, two celebrated lawyers
of Pisa in Italy, were frequently opposed to
each other on points of law. Upon one occa-
sion, when the famous Lorenzo de Medicis was
present, Magnus, finding himself very hard
pressed by his adversary, conceived the idea of
forging at the moment a law to serve his own
peculiar case. Socin saw through the trick,
and being no less cunning than his adversary,
when it came to his turn to reply, he invented
another law which completely undid the effects
of Magnus' quotation. The latter immediately
interrupted him, and called upon him to cite
the place where the law he spoke of was to be
found. "It is to be found," replied Socin, "in
the very next page to that you have just
cited."

THE ALARM CLOCK.

A Dutchman, bid an extraordinary price
for an alarm clock, and gave reason, "Dat
as he loff'd to rise early, he had now nodding
to do but to pull a spring, and he coul't
wake himself."

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

[The truth of the following delightful pas-
sage, from the *Siege of Valencia* by Mrs. He-
mans, will be exquisitely felt by every mother;
while taste will assign to it a conspicuous
place among the gems of modern poetry.]

"There is none,
In this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that
within

A mother's heart.—It is but pride, where-
with

To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Aye, on the boy he
looks,

The bright glad creature springing in his
path,

But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere
long

Shall bear his trophies well.—And this is love!
This is man's love!—What marvel?—You
ne'er made

Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heav-
ings

His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright
hair

Wav'd softly to your breath! You ne'er kept
watch

Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye; not yours the face

Which, early faded through fond care of him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's
light

Was there to cheer his waking! You ne'er
smooth'd

His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from
yours

Had learned soft utterance; press'd your lip
to his

When fever parch'd it; hush'd his wayward
cries,

With patient, vigilant, never wearied love!
No! these are woman's tasks!—In these her
youth,

And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmark'd!

DRAMA AND MUSIC ABROAD.

Tagliioni and Rachel have terminated their
engagements at the Italian Opera. Vauxhall
had been so well patronised that the Gardens
were to continue open a few weeks longer.
Drury Lane Theatre was to be opened by Eli-
son on the 22d ult., with *Concertes d'Ete*.
Macready, Charles Kean and Ellen Tree were
at the Haymarket. Astley's dramatic company
have taken the Olympic, while Ducrow with
his equestrians, are at Vauxhall till the new
house is built.

Pasta appeared lately at Berlin in the presence
of King, Meyerbeer, Spontini, and Mendelssohn.
The Germans are kind critics; they say that
the sun is still the sun when it sets.

The subject of the "Abeilles," taken from
the Duke de Ragusa's (the late General Mar-
mont, of the Napoleon age) work, is drama-
tised for the varieties at Paris. It will be done
into ballet for all the theatres in Europe, and
each country can furnish bees, wasps, and hor-
nets from the fair sex to enact the part with-
out seeking from elsewhere.

One Frizzolini has created such a sensation
in Vienne, in the part of *Lucrezia Borgia*, that
it seems the halcyon days of Pasta and Mali-
bran have returned.

Mr. J. P. Knight is "Gipsying" in Scot-
land, and occasionally produces a new ballad
for the music publishers.—*Brother Jonathan*.

Covent Garden Theatre closed for the season
on the 3d of June, having performed 220 nights,
of which revivals of Shakspeare, were played
88 times, Beaumont and Fletcher and Sheri-
dan, 42, and the comedy of "London Assu-
rance," 69 times. The management has made
money fast the last year—the lease has been
renewed for three years.

STRANGER'S GRAVE.

How beautiful, how holy, are the fresh; pure
emotion of childhood; the light hearted laugh
the burning tear, will follow each other as,
swiftly as the clouds and sunshine of a sum-
mer day. I can remember that when a child
my heart would sadden and my eyes fill with
tears at the moaning of the autumn wind or
the rustling of the falling leaves; then again
the same eyes would smile, and the same heart
leap, at the whisper of a kind voice, or at the
glad song of a bird. It was during my happy
childish years that the incident occurred which
I am about to relate.

A stranger came into our little village, sick-
ened and died; none knew him, nor whence
he came, and none cared. And thus, in the
prime of manhood, in the very hey-day of his
youth, he went down to the tomb; his corpse,
unknown, unfollowed and unmourned, was laid
by stranger-hands in its last narrow resting-
place, in a quiet corner of our old church-yard.
I was very young, but the impression it made
on me can never be erased; the subject haunted
me; I could not sleep for thinking of it; the
moment my head pressed the pillow, the form
of the dead stranger would rise before me, and
I thought I could see his home, and the many
young and happy faces that had often greeted
him there; then the joyous features would
change, and grow wan and pale, and the bright
eyes would sadden, and I could perceive that
they were dimmed with tears; and there was
one among them paler than all the rest—she
never spoke, and I could not see her weep, but
her meek eyes seemed forever pleading for the
lost.

I longed to visit the stranger's grave, and
on the next Sabbath, when I went to church,
I stole into the yard alone. I knew the nar-
row mound, it was unlike all the rest, for not
a single blade of the soft grass which covered
the others rested upon it.

It was a glorious day in mid-summer; the
blue sky was unshadowed by a single cloud,
save here and there a soft, feathery streak,
which seemed like the smoke of incense offered
by the teeming earth to the smiling heavens.
I gazed around me; at the foot of the grave
was a hedge of briars, and the berries, rich and
ripe, were hanging in graceful clusters from
the deep green stems, and the velvet grass
around and beneath my feet was thickly dotted
with wild flowers. I gathered the young buds
and scattered them over the dark earth which
formed the home of the stranger—I wept
there were both tears and flowers, a child's
simple offering to the unknown dead. I had
scarcely dried my eyes before I heard the
voice of my mother at my side; service had
commenced, and she came to seek me. She
asked me no questions, but it was evident she
had witnessed my grief.

Some few years had passed, and many
many changes, sad and sorrowful, have taken
place, and many bitter, burning tears have I
shed, in real sorrow, since first I wept in sad-
ness over the STRANGER'S GRAVE.

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE LIBERTINE.

A worthy clergyman in the country caused
a road to be made through his grounds for the
accommodation of the neighborhood. While
he was superintending the workmen, a noble-
man rode by whose life was not quite so regu-
lar as it ought to be. As he passed he accosted
the clergyman thus—"Well doctor, for all
your pains I take it this is not the road to
Heaven." "True," replied he, "for if it had
been, I should have wondered at seeing your
lordship here."

THE SAILOR.

"Pray excuse me," said a well dressed
young man to a lady in the second tier of
boxes at the theatre; "I wish to go up stairs
and get some refreshment—don't leave your
seat. A sailor seated in the box near his
sweetheart, disposed to do the same, rose up,
and said, "Harkee, Moll, I'm going aloft to
wet my whistle; don't fall overboard while
I'm gone."

DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, August 28th, 1841.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The valued communication from our friend in Baltimore will be attended to in our next.

TO OUR READERS.

As our efforts have thus far been met with a corresponding alacrity on the part of the public to encourage a dramatic work; and it being our intention to persevere in the good cause, we would respectfully suggest to our friends, and the friends of the drama, the propriety of subscribing early, as the first number opens with "The Dramatic Authors of America," at the conclusion of which we commence an entire new and original work entitled "The Southern Stage—Actors and Authors," embracing the life and dramatic career of James H. Caldwell, Esq. We have also the biography of Sol Smith, Esq., the eccentric comedian of the South, a work of immense interest filled with adventures rich in local incidents and overflowing with wit and humour. We have also on file several chapters of "The American Stage—Actors and Authors," also the "Ugly Club," a series of literary and dramatic papers. "The Factory Boy," an interesting local tale, is in type. "The adventures of Jonas Phillipson, a noted Swindler," will also appear. Our readers will perceive by the above list that we promise much, and as we intend to fulfil, we would again repeat,—subscribe early.

From the New Orleans Picayune—1837.

LITERARY.—We are gratified to learn that a well known dramatic writer of this city is now engaged in writing a dramatic history, the principal object of which will be, to give a succinct account of the introduction of the drama into the "far West," with the most interesting anecdotes illustrative of its character and progress, in which James H. Caldwell, Esq., has borne a leading part. It will also contain a biographical sketch of the lives and characters of the most distinguished members of the dramatic profession, male and female—a history of the dramatic literature of New Orleans, a list of dramatic authors, &c.

The well known abilities and industry of the writer are in themselves a sufficient guarantee for his complete success; and his contemplated work, we venture to affirm, will afford a rare and intellectual treat to all the lovers of the drama, as well as to the admirers of American talent and literature. The author having made arrangements with a gentleman at the North to furnish him letters of information on the subject of his work, requests us to solicit the same favor for him in this city. Any information, therefore, concerning the early history of the drama here, either in English or French, will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged by the author, if addressed to the Editors of this paper.

Mr. Caldwell, being possessed of many facts connected with this subject, has, with his accustomed promptness and liberality, tendered his important services, and has already furnished the author much interesting and valuable matter. It is hoped that the same liberality be manifested by all who have it in their power to contribute the desired information for the contemplated work.

In our next number we shall present to our readers an authentic biography of Edmund Kean, never before published in this country—with a portrait of this immortal actor; executed in a superior style. We shall continue to furnish our patrons with portraits of all the distinguished in the profession.

THE STATE OF THE DRAMA.

It is difficult for us after the innumerable articles written by abler hands upon the same subject, to give novelty or interest to our remarks, sufficient to recommend them to the patrons or cultivators of the drama. Of one thing, however, we are certain, and every one will accord with our assertion, that the stage whether regarded in its representations of the legitimate, or the illegitimate drama is seriously on the wane, and the helping hand of the public must be speedily extended to arrest its downward progress.

If a satisfactory remedy for the depressed state of theatricals could be suggested how eagerly would the admirers of the drama catch at the proffered mode of reform, and accede to any terms for a protracted existence of an art which, commencing in the earliest records of civilization, has been the theme of eulogy from the wisest and most learned of all ages. In our humble opinion there is one mode of cure absolutely necessary before any salutary change can be effected in the present depraved condition of the stage—viz: *purgation*! And when we use this term it is not applied to the faults of dramatic composition alone, but to the ignorant and presumptuous pretensions of illiterate members of the profession, to whom the grandest conceptions of the great masters of dramatic creation are frequently assigned, and whose rough deportment, and dull, unpolished intellects, fit them only for the fellowship of bar-room loungers from whence they have too frequently emerged. So long as such persons are permitted to prostitute the sublime imaginings and lofty conceptions of our great dramatic authors, the stage must sink under their murderous influence, and without hope of revival. Where is the remedy? Let the indignation of the public and the press be unequivocally directed to all such. Let them no longer pollute the temple of the drama, either as performers or managers; but let them be replaced by men of character, intellect, and education. This will bring back the good old days of our stage history, and we should once more recognise in genuine talent, the portraits of a Warren, a Jefferson, a Blisset, a Duff, a Roberts, &c. and enlist in the drama's cause the living actors of that golden age. Where is the difficulty? have we degenerated in intellect, or become debased or vitiated in our tastes? No! genius and talent are as much appreciated now as they were then; we have tacitly admitted mediocrity of both to take possession of the stage, and it only requires a little moral courage on our part to restore it again to favour and to notice.

The fall of the drama has not been sudden; it has gradually declined, and at every turn of the *inquisitorial wheel of torture*, it has lessened in dignity, intellect and character. The reduction of salaries—the reduction of the price of admission, enlisting unfledged tragedians, and *apprentice boys* into the ranks, have given it a stab almost dangerous to its very existence, but still there is hope, "let the profession become remunerative and steady in its demand, and there will be a rush of students towards it; their conduct will be ruled by the regularity of their gains, and the respectability of the class will rise with its responsibility. Actors will no more decrease because of the number

of theatres, than corn because of an increase of corn-markets. They might at first be somewhat dispersed; but the corps would be quickly filled up by able volunteers, when placed on a proper footing. The case of authors is not less plain, give them proper remuneration, and relieve them from the idea of perpetually aiming at the legitimate drama, and there will be a conflux of good dramatists in every reign. Give them a law of copy-right as in France; so that an author and all his posterity, shall enjoy a small advantage from every representation of his play for an extensive period. Then dramatic authors would not only be men of dramatic genius, but approved citizens of an educated and esteemed class.*

These remarks upon the state of the drama, are not only calculated for the meridian of Philadelphia—they are universal!

*Bulwer.

MRS. HUNT.

"Applause
Waits on success."

We do not know that we have ever undertaken the claims of any member of the theatrical profession with the same heartfelt pleasure which we experience in the consciousness of being about to render justice to the histrionic talent of this young lady. Her exertions for the mastery of her profession, have been so intense, invariable, and diversified in every range of the drama, that to pretermitt her pretensions, or "damn her with faint praise," would be an act of gross injustice.

From her earliest infancy, she has been the denizen of the mimic world; and her youngest recollections are associated with its triumphs. When a mere child, she wielded its tiny sceptre with infantine grace, and more than infantine origin; and her performances even then gave abundant promise of that versatility, tact, taste, and talent, which now throw a charm around her every effort. The *prestige* of her success has not remained unfulfilled; and the youthful claimant, at the present day, is perhaps the most generally successful actress in America.

We like to see Mrs. Hunt upon the stage. Unlike the generality of performers who tread its boards with a hackneyed and careless gait, she seems to acknowledge it as her appropriate sphere. She always enters upon her duties with an appearance of natural alacrity and spirit which manifests the delight which she experiences in their execution, and constantly infuses in her personations a naivete and genuine simplicity, which never fail to charm. It is this artless, untaught enthusiasm, this love of her profession, and uniform willingness to advance its interests which have made Mrs. Hunt what she is, and will, in time, decorate her young brow with that brightest and most durable coronal of worth—*public approval*. The best actors of the day occasionally (to use the technical language of the stage) walk through a part. Such is never the case with this lady. Whatever may be the nature of the character which she has to sustain; however, insufficient or inferior to her real merits, it is always studied with care and personated to the life. Hence her success. We have seen Mrs. Hunt in every species of character, from deep heart-rending tragedy, to broad, laughter-

moving farce, and we hazard nothing in saying we have never beheld her fail. Her versatility is indeed wonderful. Look at her Cora—what touching pathos does she impart to this beautiful creation! The mingled playfulness of youth blended with the deep toned tenderness of the young mother, the all absorbing love of the devoted wife, and the pure patriotism of the Peruvian, are delineated by this lady, with masterly effect. Take her again as a laughing, rattling, mischief-loving chambermaid; with what ease and humour does she identify herself with the author's grotesque fancies. How vivacious, how graceful, and yet how natural. Nothing forced, nothing overcharged. No attempt to grasp too much, to be too gay, too light, too natural.

We might add to the list her inimitable impersonation of that lovely creation of Bulwer's imagination, Pauline, in the *Lady of Lyons*, or the more stern, or tempest-lost Julie, in *Richelieu*. And yet, we again behold her in *La Bayadere*, with naught but the untaught, untrammelled graces of youth, dividing the plaudits with the accomplished Celeste, and associating her image in our recollections of all that is animated, graceful and poetical. We feel that we are enthusiastic in writing of this lady, but 'tis an enthusiasm inspired by excellence, and we do not seek to restrain its gush, nor shall we consider ourselves unrewarded for our labors, if this little encomium but enlist another votary in the cause of genuine and modest worth.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS, The National.

This establishment opened on Saturday evening last with "Money;" the audience was numerous.

Mr. Forrest appeared on Monday evening in his favorite character of "Damon." Of Mr. F. we have frequently spoken, his career to us has been one of interest, we have watched him as it were from the lap of Melpomene to the throne of the tragic muse. His errors have been the subject of our pen, his excellence our admiration, his greatness our pride. Our readers are conversant with them, and their applause loud and deep, the best criticism that can be offered. We noticed however a departure from his usual style in a scene we have looked upon as one of his happiest efforts, and which on every occasion heretofore elicited rounds of applause, but in this instance it was scarcely noticed or responded to by the large and respectable audience present. We refer to the Scene II, Act I.

"One blow,

And it were done! by all the gods, one blow
And Syracuse were free!"

This is an outbreak of pent up feeling, and is uttered by Damon without any regard to time or place; for in the very next sentence he says to Calanthe;

"I cry you mercy, fair one, &c."

Consequently we look upon Mr. Forrest's quiet style of giving vent to his feelings in this scene as not only contrary to the author's true meaning but calculated to render his Damon less popular. An artist may mellow down the coloring of a fine painting until its intrinsic beauty is destroyed, so can an actor in his capacity soften down the tempest and whirlwind of passion until they become comparatively tame and harmless. It is in such scenes that Mr. Forrest's physical

capabilities should go hand in hand with his genius. The scene with Lucullus was terrific.

Mr. Conner as Pythias was excellent.

Mr. Hill's Dionysius decidedly bad. Perhaps it is out of his line.

Miss Fisher, as Calanthe, tender and affectionate. We would respectfully suggest to this talented little actress the necessity of cultivating her voice, for the voice can be improved, varying her actions, for actions can be varied; that sameness carried through her range of characters gives them an air of similarity, which ultimately will tend to destroy the charm which her exertions have thrown around her. Cora, Calanthe, Juliet, and Pauline are totally distinct characters, and yet to our view, as they are drawn by this young artist are as much alike as if they were relatives. The beauty of acting is to embody in oneself the creation of the author, and no one can ever attain a height in the profession if they lose sight of this important fact.

We congratulate Mr. Burton on the success which so far has attended his efforts.

Chesnut Street Theatre.

Was to have opened on Thursday evening August 26th, with "Much ado about Nothing;" but in consequence of the death of the brother of Lehr, the scenic artist, it has been postponed till this evening.

The Company, decidedly the best in Philadelphia, consists of the following named Ladies and Gentlemen:

Mr. Chas. Mason, for Leading Tragedy.
Mr. Richings, Principal Comedy.
Mr. Lambert, late of the National Theatre, N. Y., for Principal Old Men.
Mr. Chapman, from the Park Theatre, N. Y., Low Comedy and Buffo Singing.
Mr. Harrington, Heavy Tragedy, Sentimental Old Men and Irishmen.
Mr. Thayer, Eccentric Comedy.
Mr. Hunt, Principal Tenor, and Comedy.
Mr. Neafie, Heavy Tragedy, &c.
Mr. Faulkner, Old Men and Irishmen.
Mr. Eberle, Low Comedy, Old Men, &c.
Mr. Beckett, Bass Singer, Old Men, &c.
Mr. G. Howard, Walking Gentlemen, and General Utility.
Mr. Toomer, General Utility.
Mrs. Hunt, of Philadelphia, the Leading Juvenile, Tragedy, Comedy and Singing.
Miss Hildreth, late of the Park Theatre, N. Y.—Heavy Tragedy and Comedy.
Mrs. Thayer, Principal Old Women.
Mrs. Lambert, late of the National Theatre, N. Y.—Comedy.
Miss Kneas, late of the Park Theatre, N. Y., Walking Ladies.
The Misses Vallee for the Principal Ballet.
And Miss Ayres, late of the National Theatre, N. Y., for the Soubrettes and Singing; with Auxiliaries,
Mr. Lewis T. Pratt, Proprietor.
Mr. Richings, Acting Manager.
Mr. W. Dinmore, Treasurer.
Mr. D. Kelly, Prompter.
Mr. F. Cline, Leader and Director of the Music.
Mlle. Fanny Elster is engaged for a very limited period and will make her first appearance since her return from the South, on Monday, the 30th instant, being her farewell engagement prior to her departure for Europe.

Arch Street.

The attraction at this house for the week has been Mr. Browne and Mad. Lecompte, the latter as Zoloe in the beautiful Operatic Ballet of *La Bayadere* elicited much and deserved applause. Mr. Thorne as Olifour was excellent, singing with exquisite taste, and acting with spirit. Mr. Brunton a novice we should say in the higher range of Opera singing, acquitted himself well.

Upon the whole the piece was well played, and reflects much credit upon the management.

J. S. Browne.—This admirable actor and worthy man proceeds immediately to New York to fulfil an engagement at the Park Theatre. Flattering overtures have been made to him, by his friend Macready, for the ensuing season at Drury Lane Theatre, London. It is to be hoped, however, that he will still remain on our side of the Atlantic, for no actor has ever visited this country, whose performances have been received with more unanimous approval throughout every quarter of the Union.

W. H. Williams.—This talented low comedian also goes to the Park.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS. Bowery Theatre.

Monday evening was produced here for the first time, a new local burletta, called, "*Jonah; or, a Trip to Wales;*" and the "*Surgeon of Paris;*" for the benefit of the author, J. S. Jones, Esq., who made his first appearance as *Baladiu*, in the *Surgeon of Paris*; and *Tom Cod* in the burletta. Mr. Jones, as an author, we cannot praise too much; but as an actor, we can say but very little. The plot of the burletta is—no plot,—and was it not enlivened by the drolleries of *Gates* and *Williamson*, who by the way, performed *Tom Cod* on Thursday evening, the piece would undoubtedly have been a failure—as it was, the audience were very well pleased with it.

Why don't Hamblin give us *Mrs. Shaw* in some of her favourite pieces, such as *Ernest Maltravers*, *Agnes de Vere*, *Love*, &c., aided by his own valuable services, instead of running a succession of Jones's pieces for two or three weeks—the public are tired of so much *Blood*, *Murder*, and *Red Fire*! Let us have novelty,—Hamblin,—novelty!

The beautiful Miss Lee is an attractive card at this house, and well she may be, for she richly deserves encouragement.

Chatham

Has been doing big business in the Melo-Dramatic line. A succession of Dramas has been produced here during the week. Such as *Jane of the Hatchet*, *Napoleon*, *Robber's Wife*, &c. J. R. Scott, Kirby, Thorne, Master Diamond, Mrs. Thorne, and Miss Mestayer are the principal stars at this establishment. Go ahead, Thorne!

Little Drury.

The Prize system appears to be a Blank at this house. There has been no attraction whatever during the past week.

On Friday evening, 20th, the Amateurs of the Forrest Dramatic Association opened the house for one night. Their performances were *The Two Gregories*, *Michael Erle*, *Man about Town*, and *Hunting a Turtle*. Their efforts were very creditable.

Nible's Garden

Has met with immense success this season; Chippendale, an old favourite and an excellent actor, took a benefit here on Wednesday evening; the garden was crowded with the beauties and exquisite of the metropolis; the bill was *Scan. Mag.*, and *La Bayadere*; several of the Park company volunteered their services.

Vauxhall.

Mast. Diamond, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Herbert, La Petite Cerito, and Mast. Henry, have been the attraction here.

Tivoli, Castle, and Arcadian Gardens, we cannot say anything about.

Wm. Isherwood a well known favourite actor died suddenly on Tuesday the 17th August, of the disease of the heart. He was the husband of the eldest daughter of the late John Clark.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam, will be in Buffalo on the 29th inst.

The finest place we know of in New-York, where an epicurian may enjoy a *pot o' eavy, Welsh rarebit, or a real Havanna*, is at *Old Tom Blakely's* fountain in Walker Street. Bye the bye, why is not Blakely engaged at one of our theatres? he is not excelled in old men's parts.

List of the Bowery Company.—Thomas S. Hamblin, Manager; J. S. Jones, Stage Manager and Dramatist; Addis, prompter; Leader of the Orchestra, Jameison; deputy prompter, G. Lewis; Artist, George Heister; Landers, Machinist; S. Wallis, properties; Waldron, Treasurer; N. Lewis, Costumer; Messrs. Hield, Gates, McCutcheon, Foster, Rafille, N. Lewis, Thompson, Sowerby, Milner, Dennison, Freeland, Burns, McClaskey, Price. Mrs. Shaw, Hield, Mossop, Hunt, Stickney. Misses Lee, Clarke, Wallis, Bell, King. Mrs. Signe, Foster, Price, McCluskey, Aston.

List of the Chatham Company.—C. Thorne, Manager; Stevens, Stage Manager; Luke White, Artist; Palmer, Treasurer; Kurek, Leader of Orchestra. Messrs. J. R. Scott, Thorne, Kirby, Hall, Goodenow, Parker, C. Metayer, L. Metayer, Fitzgerald, Cline, Blaike, Mascn, James, Bernard. Mrs. Thorne, Judah, Blake, Miss Metayer, Clemence, Miss Flynn.

Park

The attendance of the ladies and gentlemen engaged at this house, was called for on the 25th inst.; the result we have not ascertained; we are curious to know how the manager supplied the places of H. Placide, and the immortal "Peter," to say nothing of J. Povey. We understand, however, that it will open on Monday, with the revival of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night Dreams*, and the farce of *Too late for Dinner*.

Forbes is in town, and preparatory to his going South, he will favor the people of Portland, Maine, with some good entertainments. Forbes is a good fellow, and a gentleman, his "Lectures on heads," are said to be very diverting. He has a good company with him.

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

National.

Opened on Monday August 23d, 1841, under the management of W. Pelby Esq. Mr. J. E. Murdock Stage Manager.

The following is a list of members composing the company.—viz.

Messrs J. E. Murdock, W. Marshall, W. G. Jones, Cartlitch, J. Jones, Milot, C. W. Hunt, Murzy, G. Brown, Spear, McFarland, Thomas, Proctor, Germon, Bowman, Taylor, Keach, Williams, J. B. Booth, G. Averil.

Mrs. Pelby, Proctor, J. B. Booth, Russell, Webster, Woodward, Meer, Muzzy.

Miss L. Barnes, Coombs, Haynes, Harding, Thomas.

BALTIMORE.

The Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, will open on the 3d of September next. Wemyss is preparing to give the Baltimoreans such a treat as has never before been offered them.

MR. LATHAM.

We are informed that this gentleman has become manager of the Charleston S. C. Theatre, where his former judicious management established him in the estimation of the admirers of the drama. He is now making arrangements to open in November; report says he intends to make "OPERA"—which will be produced in a most efficient manner by his own company, —a conjoint feature with the other portions of the drama. We know of no one better qualified to effect this than Mr. L., for if all we hear in regard to this gentleman be true no other person is in possession of such a stock of Operas, Vaudevilles, &c. that have never yet been given to the public. By the way, he is the adapter and arranger of the highly popular opera, "Zampa," which was produced at the Chesnut Street Theatre last May.—*eh bien,—nous verrons* If the *half only* of that we hear be effected, it will be a great deal. What a pity the New York and Philadelphia theatres do not engage a person to adapt the modern opera of Europe, or obtain those for representation, which have already been done, and form a company capable of producing them with effect. We sincerely trust an effort will be made to accomplish so desirable an end.

The French theatre New Orleans, produce every season, the last novelties from Paris, in the way of Opera, Drama, &c. by their own company, without auxiliary aid, at least so we are informed on the best authority. Operas produced in this way are more effective, imposing, and consequently more successful, than when given in the very inferior manner in which they are got up in the North. Always excepting "Norma," adapted by Mr. Fry; and "Zampa," adapted by Latham. Let the proper effort be made, success will follow.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM B. WOOD.

BY COLLEY CIBBER.

Extollit quod non vult fortuna jacari.—Juv.

We have read several biographical sketches of this gentleman; not one of which in our opinion, has done justice to his merits as an actor, and his conduct through life as a man, they merely allude to his birth, his connection with the stage, management, &c., &c. From our slight acquaintance with him, connected as he is, and has been with the Philadelphia Stage, for the last forty years, "much remains unsung." If we view him in the *light* of an actor, the shades of the heroes of antiquity, the mighty creations of Shakspeare's genius rise up before us, and point in proud triumph, to W. B. Wood as their able representative.

When quite a boy, we recollect, (and still feel) the impressions his Brutus made upon us; the sterner Roman, and as we thought, unnatural father, was ably delineated by Mr. Wood. His Charles de Moor, is still before us—memory treasures up the picture, and if we had no other in our mind's eye, that alone would be sufficient for us to dwell upon in all the rapture of a connoisseur, while the Titians, the Reubens, and the West's, which pleased for the moment, fade away in all their painted grandeur. The following are a few of the characters in which he excels—viz: Don Felix, De Montfort, Joseph Surface, Belcour, Reuben Glenroy, Rapid, Tangent, Sir Charles Racket, Copper Captain,

Young Marlowe, Mercutio, Iago, Charles de Moor, Brutus, &c., &c. A writer of 1811, thus speaks of the Copper Captain. "In this character, Mr. Wood made a favourable impression, Michael, however, is one of those vigorous productions of the old comic muse in which a player incurs the danger of overshooting the mark in his efforts not to fall short of it. One in which the judicious actor luxuriates, and gives force to his whole comic powers, he finds it difficult to observe very strictly the *ne quid nimis* of the critic. The correct and chaste judgment of Mr. Wood kept the bridle so firm on his performance of it, that we do not think he once "o'er stepped the modesty of nature."

In gay, thoughtless characters, the "mad-cap" prince, he is spirited, and playful without puerility; in the serious parts, whether as the penitent apologizing son, or the martial king, he is always judicious, impressive, and not deficient in military importance.

Some five years ago, we were present at the theatre, when Mr. Abbott made his second appearance in Philadelphia, as Charles Surface; his performance in that character, was overshadowed by the delightful acting of Wood, in that of Joseph Surface. It was a splendid performance, rich in every thing that constitutes excellence. With all our early associations, and predilections for the stage, Mr. Wood is more or less connected, and so pleasing are they, that we love to speak of them. Mr. Wood was born in Montreal on the 26th of May, 1779. It is not necessary to give an account of his early life, the difficulties he had to encounter at the commencement of his dramatic career; when the manager considered him a very bad actor, and the audience called him the "outline of a man," he being very attenuated. In 1799, Wignell, the then manager, appointed him treasurer of the theatre, a situation which he held until 1803. An opportunity occurred about this time for Wood to develop those qualities to the world which he knew he possessed; but for which the world had not as yet given him credit, year after year his soul had yearned for this hour "big with the fate of self."

It came, And stamped the hero with immortal fame."

The play of Pizarro having been announced, and he that was to have enacted the Peruvian Rolla, not being forthcoming,—Mr. Wood offered to play, was accepted, and to the astonishment of an audience accustomed to his former style of acting, succeeded admirably, nay, so well, that Pizarro was performed frequently.

Mr. Warren became manager of the theatre at the death of Wignell, which occurred in 1803, and Wood continued as his assistant. In June of the same year he visited England, to recruit the strength of the company. In 1809 was about the commencement of his fame. To recruit his own strength, he once more embarked for England. On his second return, with renewed health and strength, he became joint manager with Mr. Warren. It was about this period that Mr. Price, the manager of the New York Theatre, invited Mr. Wood to go and play a few nights there. The invitation was accepted and the impression made was such as to extend his reputation, and gratify

his pride in the highest degree. But the good sense of Mr. Wood never allowed this passion to get the better of his judgment, he looked upon the starrng system as injurious to the manager as well as the actor, and he has never used his fine talents for the purpose of gratifying pride at the expense of his profession. A writer in the year 1811 thus speaks of Mr. Wood:—"We have hinted that Mr. Wood's reputation was not so much the effect of natural endowments, as the legitimate offspring of long and unwearied application, persevering ambition, and an enthusiastic love of the profession, which he embraced almost from necessity. These qualities have enabled him successfully to combat, and finally to defeat the disadvantages of a delicate frame, and an unmelodious voice, and they have gained him a reputation scarcely surpassed on this side of the Atlantic."

Strange as it may appear to the distant reader, it is nevertheless true, that Mr. Wood, though in his 62nd year, is one of the best actors we have, not only in characters suited to his age, but in those very ones we have enumerated. His Sir Joseph Surface, is to this day the most masterly piece of acting, we ever witnessed. In good health, good spirits, active in mind and body, Mr. Wood presents one of the best illustrations extant, of prudence in eating and drinking. He takes considerable exercise, and instead of riding out like our bucks of the present day, Mr. Wood thinks nothing of walking to such places as Germantown, and the Falls by way of a little recreation, or a morning's call.

Mr. Wood is compiling a dramatic work, which we understand will be a complete history of the American Stage, we know of no one more competent.

For the Dramatic Mirror.
THE ASPIRANT.
BY COLLEY CIBBER.

"—Most sacrilegious murder hath broke open
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life of the building."—*Shakespeare.*

In a previous number, I spoke of a *mania*, which formerly raged in Philadelphia for theatricals; it was literally "Tragedy mad." Many of the aspirants for histrionic fame, were schoolmates and friends of mine, and I was intimate with most of them. Forrest was a shade too young to be one of us, still he was a useful member of an association then composed of the first young men in the city. Since which he has appeared in the dramatic heavens, as a star, leaving the lesser ones to glimmer in the galaxy of its own brightness." There was one of whom I wish to speak, and for the present shall call him "Morton;"* he introduced himself. Picture to yourself, gentle reader, a tall gaunt figure, near six feet high, straight as a pine tree, and as limbless, for his arms, which hung parallel with his legs seemed as if they were a part of them; his face might have been called handsome, but for his light cat eyes which gave to it a strange unmeaning expression; his hair was jet black, and nature had furnished him with a neat sett of whiskers, his dress was genteel, and taking him, all in all, he was a very proper man. He, as I said before, introduced himself.

"My name is Morton."

"Take a chair Mr. Morton."

* The original of this sketch is now living, or was some few years ago.

"My business, Mr. Cibber, is of a nature, which as it infringes upon your time and good nature—"

"Sir!"

"I know what you are going to say, and indeed I am almost ashamed to make the purport of my visit known."

"I would be pleased to hear your business, and I beg you will not stand upon ceremony."

"Sir, you are too good, so to business—I—I want—to—play—I want to make a debut, a first appearance; I—I—wish to play one of Shakespeare's heroes."

"Sir!"

"I know what you are going to say, that you are not a manager, a constituted censor of the stage; true, I know that—but, sir, as I feel myself somewhat deficient in reading that great author, who holds, as it were, the *"statia glass up to nature."*

"Mirror, sir!"

"Yes, I know what you would say—statia glass, new reading, more explicit, mirrors are too large, statia glasses, small—my authority is Augustus William Schelgel.†"

"But to proceed, I want to solicit a favor: having heard, sir,—Yes, I know what you are going to say, having heard that you are a great critic, and a good reader of the Avon of Bards."

"Bard of Avon, sir."

"New reading, sir. Avon Bards, an entirely new idea."

"I think it is, sir, but I have no pretension to criticism, and none as a reader—on the contrary I am a very bad one!—Still, however, I understand the text sufficiently to judge whether the reading is good or bad."

"Exactly what I want; I shall now recite the part of Shylock, and you be for the present prompter, thus—(and thrusting a thumb-edition of Shakespeare into my hands)—will I begin, are you ready?"

"Not yet, let me see; ah, here it is, 'Merchant of Venice;' now go on."

He sprang into the middle of the floor, and throwing his right arm into some peculiar, and I have no doubt, original position, he thus began—

"Three thousand ducats in a well!"

"Ha! Stop, Mr. Morton—"

"Three thousand ducats,—Well."

"Ah! yes, you're right—"

"For three months well."

"Put a longer pause between months and well—thus;

"For three months.—Well."

"Now go on."

"Antonio shall become bound well!"

"My dear sir, that will never do; Antonio bound, is not well, it is d—d bad: read thus—"

"Antonio shall become bound;—Well."

Moderate sour voice, thus—I repeated "Well." Now proceed."

"Three thousand ducats, for three months, And Antonio bound."

"That is good, proceed."

"Antonio is a good man."

Bass.—"Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?"

Shylock.—"Ho—ho—ho—no—no—oh!"

"Hold—hold! How many 'nozes' are there?"

"Only four, and you have 'hoes,' and 'ohs.'"

† Statia Glass—a very common German article with wooden frame!

‡ Lecture on dramatic literature.—(Germany.)

"My meaning in saying so, is to have you understand.—"

"Which I candidly confess I do not."

I will not tire the reader with a repetition of the whole farce, for a farce it truly was. Such reading I never heard before or since:—the "*Prune Street Company*"* were kings compared to such a specimen. I praised his reading, commented on his style, and gave him full credit for his conception of the character, and finally Mr. Morton was announced to make his first appearance on any stage, in the arduous character of Shylock.

The play-goers had received a hint that the whole affair was a hoax, and on the evening named for his debut, he was received by a crowded house, in a manner highly flattering to his feelings. It would be impossible to describe the effect his new reading produced, it was truly electric; I give some few specimens, the passages as per original, thus—

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,

"Shall I lay perjury on my soul?—No!"

He read thus—

"An oath, an oath, in heaven I shall

Lay perjury on my soul. —"

Again—

"My deeds upon my head! I crave the law," &c.

He read—

"My deeds! Upon my head I crave the law."

Again—

"When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep."

He read—

"When Jacob glaz'd his nearest neighbor's shop."

Again—

"What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica; Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum, And the vile squeaking of the wry neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on christian fools with varnished faces, But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements; Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear," &c.

He read—

"What? are there maskers here; here you Jessica, Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum, And the vile squalling of the 'onry fife, climb Up the window to your casement then. And Trust your head into the public street to gaze on Christians; Fool with varnished face hear? And see you stop my horses ears, I mean my Windows, and let the sound of shallow foppery Enter my sober house by Jacob's ladder!!!"

The applause he met with was unbounded, and the curtain fell amid the shouts of the multitude, and Mr. C. came forward and announced Mr. Morton for Richard the Third, on the following evening. He appeared,—the audience did not, or could not appreciate his worth—he was hissed, and has never been heard of since, at least as far as my knowledge extends.

COMPETITION.

We were walking down Main-street a day or two ago, when we heard a water-cart-man cursing his ill-luck in a most obstreperous manner. "That's always the way," said he, "a body can go at nothing now-a-days, but some one else will cut him out, and take the job from him!" "What is the matter?" we said, in an inquiring tone. "Why, you see, I got a contract to water this street to-day, and have got all ready, when it has commenced raining hard enough to drown an elephant!"—*Cincinnati.*

*A small temple dedicated to Thespis, situated in Prunestreet, between 5th and 6th streets, Philadelphia. At the time I speak, in full tide of success.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.—The last appearance of Charles Kean and Ellen Tree, for a considerable time, are at last announced. We are glad of it, as, on their leaving, we shall have a chance of some novelties. On Thursday, the Duchess of Cambridge, honored the theatre with her presence—the entertainments were "Money," "My Friend the Captain," and "Tom Noddy's Secret." Her Royal Highness appeared to be much pleased with the entertainments. The French Spy has been revived for Celeste, and has been well received.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Mrs. Waylett has been playing in "Wooing a Widow,"—a character at this time particularly well suited to that lady. Her west country dialect is excellent; and her ballads are as delightful as ever. Mr. Keeley is engaged for a few nights, and will appear to-morrow in a peculiar situation with Mrs. Waylett. What will Mrs. Keeley say to this?

The OLYMPIC people have been doing "pretty well," with their "Old House at Home." Mr. Balls has been performing gratuitously in the "Lady of Munster," and Mrs. Honey, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Keeley, have signified their intention of doing the like for a few nights, to assist the company. Mr. Grafton has joined it, and has proved attractive.

ADELPHI.—The Wizard has been working "double tides;" he gave a morning performance on Wednesday, which was tolerably well attended. He has also introduced some Lancashire bell-ringers, who performed a variety of pieces of music in the most pleasing style. We have rarely heard anything of a similar description that has afforded us so much pleasure. They alone are well worth the price of admission, let alone the clever and entertaining tricks of the Wizard himself.

NEW STRAND.—As per last; "The Frolics of the Fairies;" "The Devil and Dr. Faustus;" and "Aldgate Pump." These pieces continue to be so attractive, that there has been no necessity for a change.

"The Stars," have nearly run out their engagement at the SURREY, and great preparations are making for Ducrow and his stud. Mr. Graham's appearance in Coriolanus is postponed in consequence. "Imperial" Jones, the director, has shown much skill and tact in his directorship, and the "Commodore" has not been wanted.

Ossy has been attempting the murder of "King Richard the Third," and Miss Vincent has been endeavoring to excel in "Lady Anne," but "Stocks are up" at the Victoria, and that is all the lessee can desire.

Mrs. Honey has been doing a little on the "high way" at the QUEEN's having appeared as "Captain Macheath." We cannot say that she looks best in the unmentionables; we had much rather see her in "female attire," and so says my Lord Chess, &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Honner has done well with Ducrow and horses. We are glad of it, as the engagements has been attended with considerable expense. Balls continues with him, and has been performing several of his favourite characters, to the delight of "laughing-loving audiences."

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Farren, Harley and Frank Mathews have been performing at Liverpool in "London Assurance," and were announced to play at the Manchester Theatre, last night in the same comedy.

The Germans have concluded at Liverpool. Their performances have been attended with immense success.

We understand that Macready intends to commence his season at Drury-Lane, not after the 16th of January, when he will be disengaged; but shortly before Christmas, in order that he may avail himself of the hilarity of the season, and reap the usual harvest of a pantomime. This news will come by surprise upon Madame Vestris, who has been reckoning that this year, as last, she shall have the town, as far as large theatres are concerned, entirely to herself. As we have all along said, we think that this competition will not only be

in favor of the public, but in favour of the lessees also; that we shall have two good entertainments instead of one moderate one, and that they will be proportionably patronised. In matters of the kind we know that Madame Vestris will be well advised, and we are confident that Macready will take care not to be behind hand. Although Macready may not be able to quit the Haymarket until the middle of January, it is said that he has engaged such a company as will enable him to begin well without his assistance. We hear that he has recently concluded an engagement with Mr. Vandenhoff, who will be a valuable acquisition, even after Macready shall have been released from his present engagement.

Charles Kean has a new play, written by Knowles.

The Opera season is drawing to a close, and six nights more will finish a season that has not exceeded in brilliancy for many years. We think, considering that Parliament will meet on the 19th inst., that a few extra nights might be given with advantage; and it is whispered about that such will be the case. The performance of the week have been confined to the Operas of "Il Turco in Italia, I Puritani," "Il Don Giovanni," with the ballet of "Les Lac de Fees." We have 'many a time and oft' had occasion to speak of these operas, and the performers who sustained the principal characters. We are, consequently only called upon to say, they did their best to please, and were accordingly much applauded. Cerito, who has 'won golden opinions from all sorts of people,' danced with her accustomed elegance and grace, and was well supported by Albert. On Thursday, they introduced for the first time, "The Styrienne," which was admirably executed, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause. The house, taking into consideration the state of the town, was well attended.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. "Courier des Etats Unis," speaking of one of the most prolific of dramatic writers, Scribe, says:—"From data which I have every reason to believe correct, the receipts of M. Scribe, from Paris and the provinces, including his per centage, the sales of his manuscripts, the proceeds of authors' theatre tickets, his literary pensions from the Opera, and his tickets to the Academie Francaise, amounted, during the theatrical year just expired, to the enormous sum of 182,000 francs; (over \$34,000;) so that M. Scribe alone has received nearly one-third of all that has been paid to the whole body of dramatic writers. This prodigious revenue may be understood, when we call to mind that four of the principal theatres of Paris confine themselves almost exclusively to the works of this prolific author, who has now reached his three hundred and fifteenth acted piece; and that the libraries of nearly all the provincial theatres of France are composed almost exclusively of his serious and comic operas, comedies, and vaudevilles. It is asserted that his rights as author, from his first piece, "Les deux Derviches," played at the vaudeville in 1816, to his last, "L'Ingenue," produced a week since, at the Opera Comique, have brought him in 2,212,000 francs, (nearly \$396,000.) The plays of Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Reynard, Crebillon, and Voltaire together, never produced for their authors the fourth part of this sum. M. Scribe is a proof of what may be accomplished by intellect and talent, directed by industry and activity. Never has an author made a more happy use of the knowledge of business and the business of knowledge, nor better justified the use of that pen which he has adopted for his seal, and which he has encircled with the motto, in rather indifferent Latin—"Fortunaque libertus."

We may add that the above sum would be much increased, were we to add to it all that English play-rights have gained off the produce of Scribe's brain; for we think we are within bounds in asserting that three-fourths of the most popular petite comedies and farces on the English stage are nearly literal translations from his spirited writings.

TURNER'S DRAMATIC LIBRARY, A Cheap, Uniform, and Correct Edition of all the Best

Tragedies, Comedies, Operas, and Melo-Dramas.

This work is correctly marked with the stage business as performed at the principal Theatres in the United States;—and, from its great utility, is universally patronised by the Theatrical profession; and is in constant use for prompt and part books, in the Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New-Orleans, and Mobile Theatres.

Each play is embellished with a highly finished portrait of some celebrated performer in a favor, its character; or with a fine engraving on wood, of an interesting scene, executed by one of the first artists in the country.

The lovers of Dramatic Literature will find this edition of Acting Plays infinitely superior to any before offered to the American public.

It combines those essential requisites, cheapness, elegance, and correctness, and will be enriched with many valuable and rare productions.

These Plays will form an excellent companion to the Theatres; while to those who have neither the opportunity nor inclination to attend there, but to whom dramatic reading is a favourite relaxation, they are invaluable.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Therese. | 30 Omnibus. |
| Portrait of Forrest. | 31 Damon and Pythias. |
| 2 Dead Shot. | 32 Gladiator. |
| 3 Hamlet. | 33 Pickwick Club. |
| 4 Chimney Piece. | 34 Pizarro. |
| 5 Clari. | 35 Love Chase. |
| 6 Dumb Belle. | 36 Othello. |
| 7 Unfinished Gent. | Portrait of Miss A. Fisher |
| 8 Golden Farmer. | 37 La Sonambula. |
| Portrait of Sefton. | 38 Lady of Lyons. |
| 9 John Jones. | 39 Athenian Captive. |
| 10 Uncle Sam. | 40 Woman's Wit. |
| 11 Tom Cringle. | 41 The Irish Lion. |
| 12 Hunting a Turtle. | 42 The Spitfire |
| 13 Provost of Bruges. | 43 St. Patrick's Eve. |
| 14 Wandering Minstrel | Portrait of Mr. Power. |
| 15 Richard III. | 44 Rory O'More. |
| Portrait of Booth. | 45 The Ransom. |
| 16 Man about Town. | 46 Pleasant Neighbor. |
| 17 My Uncle John. | 47 Maid of Mariendortp |
| 18 Heir at Law. | 48 Tom Noddy's Secret |
| 19 The Seven Clerks. | 49 The Stranger. |
| 20 Lucille. | 50 Ion |
| 21 Douglas. | Portrait of Miss Tree. |
| 22 Review. | 51 Richelieu. |
| Portrait of Hadaway. | 52 Virginius. |
| 23 Ugolino. | 53 The Sea Captain. |
| 24 P. P. | 54 Love. |
| 25 Mummy. | 55 Maid of Florence. |
| 26 Wrecker's Daughter | 56 John di Procida. |
| 27 Bottle Imp. | |
| 28 Flight to America. | 58 Cinderella. |
| 29 Wallace. | 59 Fra Diavolo. |
| Portrait of Conner. | 60 Money. |

FISHER'S EDITION

- | OF | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| Standard Farces and Interludes. | |
| Wolf and Lamb. | Married Rake. |
| Persensation. | Monsieur Tonson. |
| Irish Tutor. | Good Night's Rest |
| Idiot Witness. | Bombastes Furioso. |
| The Secret. | State Secrets. |
| Day in Paris. | Turning the Tables. |
| Scan. Mag. | Straws. |
| The Rendezvous. | Two Gregorie. |

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR.

Will be issued every Saturday morning, simultaneously in New York and Philadelphia. Subscribers will be served with the paper, on the cash principle, at six cents per number. Those residing at a distance can have it forwarded regularly. Terms: \$3 per annum, payable in every instance in advance. Subscriptions will be received at the following places, where the paper can always be had:—

- 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia;
- 52 Chatham Street, New York;
- 71 Court Street, Boston; and
- 10 North Street, Baltimore.

Advertisements.

Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted one time for 75 cts.; each subsequent insertion 50 cts. A standing yearly advertisement \$15.